

G. A. R. COMMANDER

Jas. S. Dean, Gen. Grant Post, Rondout, N. Y.

CURED OF DYSPEPSIA

Commander Dean writes: "As Chief U. S. Mail Agent of the U. & D. R. R., good health is indispensable. I found myself, however, all run down with dyspepsia. I doctored and doctored, but I grew worse. I suffered miserably night and day, for fully two years. My case was pronounced incurable. I changed to meet Dr. David Kennedy about that time, and told him of my condition and he said, try a bottle of

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

take it morning, noon and night, and it will cure you. I took the medicine as directed, but had no confidence in a cure, as my case had been tried by so many. After using it a week I began to feel better, and in a short while after that I was entirely cured. This terrible distress, everything I ate breaking up sour in my throat, had all gone and I have not had a moment's discomfort since. To-day there isn't a healthier man and my appetite is excellent."

Write Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the great Kidney, Liver and Blood medicine, and free medical booklet. Large bottles \$1.00. All druggists.

Free sample bottles at the drug store of Mulford R. Burt.

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No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol relieves indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol for dyspepsia does not only relieve indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy helps all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

My S. S. Ball, of Pleasantwood W. Va. says: "I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in my family."

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Directions with each Vial in Five Languages
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prolong the lives of Horses and Men. They draw easy, they hold easy. They run smooth and hold to the ground when stony. They plow well in loose soil. They wear well. No the cheapest, but the best. Made by Le Roy Plow Co., Le Roy, N. Y. Le Roy Plows for sale by John H. Stewart, Middlebury, Vt. S. Spaulding, Bridport.

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Furnish them fitted, hauled and boxed, with good and axle welded and set.
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Superior to other remedies sold at high prices. Cures constipation. Successfully used by over 200,000 Women. Price, 25 Cents. Sold by all druggists and by mail. Write for particulars. Dr. Lafranco, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Woman In the Alcove.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.
Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Ambiguity Box," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

"This is very interesting. Go on with your story. Why didn't you collar him while he was in this mood? You would have won by the surprise."

"I had no pistol, sir, and he had. I heard him cock it. I thought he was going to take his own life and held my breath for the report, but nothing like that was in his mind. Instead he laid the pistol down and deliberately tore in two the object of his anger. Then with a smothered curse he made for the door and turret staircase."

"I was for following, but not till I had seen what he had destroyed in such an excess of feeling. I thought I knew, but I wanted to feel sure. So before risking myself in the turret I crept to the room he had left and felt about on the floor till I came upon these."

"A torn photograph! Mrs. Fairbrother's?"

"Yes. Have you not heard how he loved her? A foolish passion, but evidently sincere and—"

"Never mind comments, Sweetwater. Stick to facts."

"I will, sir. They are interesting enough. After I had picked up these scraps I stole back to the turret staircase. And here I made my first break. I stumbled in the darkness, and the man below heard me, for the pistol clicked again. I did not like this, and had some thoughts of backing out of my job. But I didn't. I merely waited till I heard his step again. Then I followed."

"But very warily this time. It was not an agreeable venture. It was like descending into a well with possible death at the bottom. I could see nothing and presently could hear nothing but the almost imperceptible shuffling of my own fingers down the curve of the wall, which was all I had to guide me. Had he stopped midway and would my first intimation of his presence be the touch of cold steel or the flinging around me of two murderous arms? I had met with no break in the smooth surface of the wall, so could not have reached the second story. When I should get there the question would be whether to leave the staircase and seek him in the mazes of its great rooms or to keep on down to the parlor floor and so to the street, whither he was possibly bound. I own that I was almost tempted to turn on my light and have done with it, but I remembered of how little use I should be to you lying in this well of a stairway with a bullet in me, and so I managed to compose myself and go on as I had begun. Next instant my fingers slipped round the edge of an opening, and I knew that the moment of decision had come. Realizing that no one can move so softly that he will not give away his presence in some way, I paused for the sound which I knew must come, and when a click rose from the depths of the hall before me I plunged into that hall and thus into the house proper."

"Here it was not so dark, yet I could make out none of the objects I now and then ran against. I passed a mirror (I hardly know how I knew it to be such), and in that mirror I seemed to see the ghost of a ghost fill by and vanish. It was too much. I muttered a suppressed oath and plunged forward, when I struck against a closing door. It flew open again, and I rushed in, turning on my light in my extreme desperation. When, instead of hearing the sharp report of a pistol, as I expected, I saw a second door fall before me, this time with a sound like the snap of a spring lock. Finding that this was so, and that all advance was barred that way, I wheeled hurriedly back toward the door by which I had entered the place, to find that that had fallen to simultaneously with the other, a single spring acting for both. I was respectably prisoner in the strangest sort of passageway or closet, and as a speedy look about presently assured me, a prisoner with very little hope of immediate escape, for the doors were not only immovable, without even keys to pick or panels to break in, but the place was bare of windows, and the only communication which it could be said to have with the outside world at all was a shaft rising from the ceiling almost to the top of the house. Whether this served as a ventilator, or a means of lighting up the hole when both doors were shut, it was much too inaccessible to offer any apparent way of escape."

"Never was a man more thoroughly boxed in. As I realized how little chance there was of any outside interference, how my captor, even if he was seen leaving the house by the officer on duty, would be taken for myself and so allowed to escape, I own that I felt my position a hopeless one. But anger is a powerful stimulant, and I was mortally angry, not only with Sears, but with myself. So when I was done swearing I took another look around, and finding that there was no getting through the walls, turned my attention wholly to the shaft, which would certainly lead me out of the place if I could only find means to mount it."

"And how do you think I managed to do this at last? A look at my be-

ACHED IN EVERY BONE.

Chicago Society Woman Who Was So Sick She Could Not Sleep or Eat, Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

When a woman's kidneys go wrong, her back gives out and every little task becomes a burden. She is tired, nervous, sleepless, run down—suffers daily from backache, headaches, dizzy spells, and bearing-down pains.

Don't worry over imagined "female troubles." Cure the kidneys and you will be well. Read how to find the cure. Marion Knight, of 33 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill., member of the Chicago Federation of Musicians and a well-known club woman, says: "This winter when I started to use Doan's Kidney Pills I ached in every bone and had intense pains in the kidneys and pelvic organs. The urine was thick and cloudy, and I could barely eat enough to live. I felt a change for the better within a week. The second week I began eating heartily. I began to improve generally, and before seven weeks had passed I was well. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicine that did not help me, but \$6 worth of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to perfect health."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Miss Knight will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price, fifty cents per box.

dragged, lime covered clothes may give you some idea. I cut a passage for myself up those perpendicular walls as the boy did up the face of the natural bridge in Virginia. Do you remember that old story in the reader? It came to me like an inspiration as I stood looking up from below, and, though I knew that I should have to work most of the way in perfect darkness, I decided that a man's life was worth some risk and that I had rather fall and break my neck while doing something than to spend hours in maddening inactivity, only to face death at last from slow starvation.

"I had a knife, an exceedingly good knife, in my pocket, and for the first few steps I should have the light of my electric torch. The difficulty—that is, the first difficulty—was to reach the shaft from the floor where I stood. There was but one article of furniture in the room, and that was something between a table and a desk. No chairs, and the desk was not high enough to enable me to reach the mouth of the shaft. If I could turn it on end, there might be some hope. But this did not look feasible. However, I threw off my coat and went at the thing with a vengeance, and whether I was given superhuman power or whether the clumsy thing was not as heavy as it looked, I did finally succeed in turning it on its end close under the opening from which the shaft rose. The next thing was to get on its top. That seemed about as impossible as climbing the bare wall itself, but presently I bethought me of the drawers, and, though they were locked, I did succeed by the aid of my keys to get enough of them open to make for myself a very good pair of stairs."

"I could now see my way to the mouth of the shaft, but after that! Taking out my knife, I felt the edge. It was a good one. So was the point. But it was good enough to work holes in plaster? It depended somewhat upon the plaster. Had the masons in finishing that shaft any thought of the poor wretch who one day would have to pit his life against the hardness of the final covering? My first dig at it would tell. I own I trembled violently at the prospect of what that first test would mean to me and wondered if the perspiration which I felt starting at every pore was the result of the effort I had been engaged in or just plain fear."

"Inspector, I do not intend to leave you five with me through the five mortal hours which followed. I was enabled to pierce that plaster with my knife and even to penetrate deep enough to afford a place for the tips of my fingers and afterward for the point of my toes, digging, prying, sweating, panting, listening, first for a sudden opening of the doors beneath, then for some shout or wicked interference from above as I worked my way up inch by inch, foot by foot, to what might not be safety after it was attained."

"Five hours—six. Then I struck something which proved to be a window, and when I realized this and knew that with but one more effort I should breathe freely again, I came as near falling as I had at any time before I began this terrible climb."

"Happily, I had some premonition of my danger and threw myself into a position which held me till the dizzy minute passed. Then I went calmly on with my work, and in another half hour had reached the window, which, fortunately for me, not only opened inward, but was off the latch. It was with a sense of inexpressible relief that I chambered through this window and for a brief moment breathed in the

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pungent odor of cedar. But it could have been only for a moment. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before I found myself again in the outer air.



"I worked my way up inch by inch."

The only way I can account for the lapse of time is that the strain to which both body and nerve had been subjected was too much for even my hardy body and that I fell to the floor of the cedar closet and from a faint went into a sleep that lasted until 2. I can easily account for the last hour because it took me that long to cut the thick paneling from the door of the closet. However, I am here now, sir, and in very much the same condition in which I left that house. I thought my first duty was to tell you that I had seen Hiram Sears in that house last night and put you on his track."

I drew a long breath—I think the inspector did. I had been almost rigid from excitement, and I don't believe he was quite free from it either. But his voice was calmer than I expected when he finally said:

"I'll remember this. It was a good night's work." Then the inspector put to him some questions, which seemed to fix the fact that Sears had left the house before Sweetwater did, after which he made him send certain men to him and then go and fix himself up. I believe he had forgotten me. I had almost forgotten myself.

CHAPTER XV.

NOT until the inspector had given several orders was I again summoned into his presence. He smiled as our eyes met, but did not allude, any more than I did, to what had just passed. Nevertheless we understood each other.

When I was again seated he took up the conversation where we had left it.

"The description I was just about to read to you," he went on, "will you listen to it now?"

"Gladly," said I. "It is Wellgood's, I believe."

He did not answer save by a curious glance from under his brows, but, taking the paper again from his desk, went on reading:

"A man of fifty-five looking like one of sixty. Medium height, insignificant features, head bald save for a ring of scanty dark hair. No beard, a heavy nose, long mouth and sleepy, half shut eyes capable of shooting strange glances. Nothing distinctive in face or figure save the depth of his wrinkles and a scarcely observable stoop in his right shoulder. Do you see Wellgood in that?" he suddenly asked.

"I have only the faintest recollection of his appearance," was my doubtful reply. "But the impression I get from this description is not exactly the one I received of that wattle in the momentary glimpse I got of him."

"So others have told me before," he remarked, looking very disappointed. "The description is of Sears given me by a man who knew him well, and if we could fit the description of the one to that of the other, we should have it easy. But the few persons who have seen Wellgood differ greatly in their remembrance of his features and even of his coloring. It is astonishing how superficially most people see a man, even when they are thrown into daily contact with him. Mr. Jones says the man's eyes are gray, his hair a wig and dark, his nose pugy, and his face without much expression; his lady, that his eyes are blue, his hair, whether wig or not, a dusty Auburn, and his look quick and piercing—a look which always made her afraid. His nose she don't remember. Both agree, or rather, all agree, that he wore no beard. Sears did, but a beard can be easily taken off—and all of them declare that they would know him instantly if they saw him. And so the matter stands. Even you can

Great \$1,000 Farm Bargain

40 acres, with horse, cow, wagons, two harness, farm wagon, sled, harrow, grindstone, small tools, 2 acres crops, 5 tons of hay, 9 cords wood fitted for stove, 1000 feet lumber, 500 feet clapboards, 7000 cedar shingles and many other things too numerous to mention. 2 1/2 miles to a Maine Centre, 3/4 mile to the Kennebec R. F. D.; 20 acres mowing and tillage, 50 apple trees; snug 8 room house, barn fitted for 5 head of stock, carriage house, etc., all goes for \$1000, 1/2 cash. Send for traveling instructions and free circular of New England farms. Dept. 18, P. O. Leland, 113 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanse and beautify the hair. Remove dandruff. Prevents hair from falling out. Restores Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp itching and itching. 25c and 50c at Druggists.



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While no woman is entirely free from periodic suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Irregularities and pain are positive evidence that something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to serious derangement of the feminine organism.

Thousands of women, have found relief from all periodic suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from native roots and herbs, as it is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It cures the condition which causes so much discomfort and robs that period of its terrors. Women who are troubled with painful or irregular functions should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health and strength by taking

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Miss Adelaide Nichols of 324 West 22nd Street, New York City, writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—If women who suffer would only rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound their troubles would be quickly alleviated. I feel greatly indebted for the relief and health which has been brought to me by your inestimable remedy."

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Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.

give me no definite description—one, I mean, as satisfactory or unsatisfactory as this of Sears."

I shook my head. Like the others, I felt that I should know him if I saw him, but I could go no further than that. There seemed to be so little that was distinctive about the man.

The inspector, hoping, perhaps, that all this would serve to rouse my memory, shrugged his shoulders and put the best face he could on the matter. "Well, well," said he, "we shall have to be patient. A day may make all the difference possible in our outlook. If we can lay hands on either of these men!"

He seemed to realize he had said a word too much, for he instantly changed the subject by asking if I had succeeded in getting a sample of Miss Grey's writing. I was forced to say no; that everything had been carefully put away. "But I do not know what moment I may come upon it," I added. "I do not forget its importance in this investigation."

"Very good. Those lines handed up to Mrs. Fairbrother from the walk outside are the second most valuable clue we possess."

I did not ask him what the first was. I knew. It was the stiletto.

"Strange that no one has testified to that handwriting," I remarked.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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